

# We Don't Care

Big Punisher

Yeah, the foundation, L.G.P.  
Latins Goin Platinum baby!  
Yeah yeah, yeah..  
Uhh, year 2000  
Terror Squadians (Terror Squad)  
We rock the party and (you won't like me when I'm angry)  
(I guarantee you, you won't like me when I'm angry)  
Yeah, yeah, yeah.. Terror Squadians  
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah (uhh, yeah)  
We rock the party and..

YEAH! I tear the club up, pull up in the Hummer with Pun  
my fuckin brother, makin motherfuckers run for cover  
The number runner son, I'm nothin but a hustler  
Burnin rubber with drugs, stuffed up in the muffler  
Shut the fuck up! Bust a slug through your jugular  
Plus suckers get fucked up with golf clubs, never front on us  
T.S. baby, straight out the B.X. baby  
So if they B.S., we deeper than the U.S. Navy  
You ain't crazy - laid up in the club like WHAT?  
With all the ladies - showin us nothin but LOVE  
Guzzlin 80 - proof to truth, straight to the GUT  
In a Mercedes - Coupe fucked up doin a BUCK  
If Jakes chase me - I'm cuttin off trucks, pressin my LUCK  
It's all gravy - puffin the blunt, blazin it UP  
Maybe you hate me - cause your baby mom's on my NUTS  
She wanna rape me - just because I'm sexy as FUCK  
So nigga WHAT?

Tear the club up!  
Cause we don't care  
E'rybody strip  
Yeah we don't care  
Shoot the place up!  
Yeah we don't care (nuh-ah)  
We don't care (nuh-AH!)  
We don't care!! (NAHHHAHH!)  
Yeah we don't care  
T. Squaders  
Yes, yeah we don't care  
Fuck you nigga!  
Nah we don't care (nuh-ah)  
We don't care (nuh-AH!)  
We don't care!! (NAHHHAHH!)

Yo, I'm livin in mansions, give me the Spanish props  
I got to have it  
Loadin and bustin a mac, did shit in the past  
Was grabbin the girls on they asses  
Duck when the mac hits or be dead before your body falls  
Cause when my shotty roars we ignore Guiliani laws  
My trigger got no heart nigga, I'm blowin apart liver  
and holdin the glocks, call to the cops, I'm blowin the spot  
Baby better head for the hills, my niggaz wild for the night  
My lead ready to peel this shit really real  
My clip filllity fill your chick with a chill  
My dick quick to kill, we fittin to ill

No survivors, frozen Godivas or roses and flowers  
Sour the grapes for those opposin the Squaders  
Thrown in the garbage, like funky pajamas, word to my junkie mama  
I'ma keep it funky for homies livin tomorrow  
You fuckin with scholars, street knowledge  
Carter kids stuck to the projects  
Go ahead keep checkin that mall  
and me and Cuban gon' keep doublin our chips  
Keep talkin that dumb shit like you want it  
Yeah when are you gonna buck shit  
?? this mug shit

Uhh..

Yeah..

Big Punisher..

Cuban Link..

Terror Squad..

Y'all wanna party? Gon' party our way..

Anything goes..

The code of the streets, WHAT WHAT? ..